

## A Sibling Variation part one

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Summary: A transfer student to Hogwarts finds out about a past she didn't know she had.....please reveiw!! More to follow...

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The Sibling Variation by Webby Girl

><br>Danica silently watched the countryside fly past her train window. She sighed wishing the train would travel faster. Why her parents hadn't flown her home in this case was beyond her. Wasn't a sister gone missing an emergency?

><br>She continued to stare out at the rolling hills. Dark oaks trees peppered the scene lending an almost eerie look to the sunny landscape. Though it was already december, there was no sign of a white, californian christmas. The sleeping witch across the compartment started awake when Danica's owl Demetra hooted loudly.

><br>"Keep that owl quiet! How's a body supposed to get any sleep around here?"

><br>"Sorry Danica muttered. What was she supposed to do? Tape Demetra's beak closed? The thought of it almost made Danica laugh, but she stopped herself. How could she even think of lauhging when Abby....Poor, lonely Abby.

><br>Danica unfolded the letter that had been sent by owl that very morning. "Danica," it began. "Darling, it's mother. I really don't know how to say this, it's so shocking it hasn't quite sunk in. Abby is gone. you must come home immediatly, your father is beside himself with worry over you and won't rest until you are home. I'll meet the five o'clock train; I enclosed your ticket. With Love, Mother"

><br>Danica smiled sardonically. "With Love, Mother." She supposed her mother really did love her, deep, deep down, but she didn't like her and that was evident. She tolerated her daughter with the same cool politness as one would tolerate an unwelcone guest at thanksgiing. Danica didn't think Robin Richardson truly liked anyone.

><br>\* \* \*

><br>Robin sighed impatiently and checked her watch again. Five ten. The train was late. She absently tapped a manicured finger on the wall behind her and brushed a strand of ash blonde hair from her eyes. So many men had fallen prey to those eyes. More silver than gray with a slight violet hue in the center, they could reflect a range of emotion even the best of actor's couldn't master. 'If only the girls were as attractive,' she would comment to herself. She often compared their looks to her own.

><br>Robin felt she was near perfection in every way. Smart, successful, pretty and sometimes even funny, her one major mistake had been thinking marriage and children were what she had wanted. Now one of her darling kiddies had gone and gotten themselves kidnapped or worse by God knew what. Jasper, her husband, had mentioned a name when he read the ransom letter. Vladmir or Valentine....something with a V anyway.

><br>Her thoughts were interrupted as Danica suddenly appeared behind a large group of people. As much as she knew about the magical world, it still amazed Robin to see anything so out of the ordinary happen. She wasn't a witch, but her husband and daughter were.

><br>"Mom!" Danica tried to hurry to where her mother stood, but her trunk was much too heavy.

><br>"Oh, let me help you, hon. Valet!"

><br>Danica smiled at her mother's idea of help. In almost no time they were in Robin's cherry red convertible zipping down the 405 freeway toward home. Danica tilted her face toward the sun, enjoying the good weather. She loved her school in northern California, but missed the laid back, take it easy attitude of LA. 'Yes,' she thought, 'there is something about LA.'

><br>"How was your trip, hon? I wasn't sure you would get the letter in time-"

><br>Danica made a face. She hated being called hon. "It was okay."

><br>"How has the school year been? I never have time to read those letters you send home..."

><br>"It's been fine mother. I had to drop Divination though you know-"

><br>"Why? I thought that was your favorite."

><br>"No, mother. Potions and charms are my favorites. I've never been good at divination." Abby was though, she added silently.

><br>"Well," Robin went on, "I expect you took another course to replace it."

><br>"Mother, I'm taking every course available that is practical. I really don't need muggle studies, after all, you are a muggle and-"

><br>"Don't say muggle like that!"

><br>"Like what?"

><br>"Don't play stupid with me! I know how people like me are looked at by you wizards, and I also know what your father and you think of me-"

><br>"Oh, do you?" Danica's reply had the desired effect. The rest of the trip was spent in tense silence.

><br>When they finally reached the house in Bellwood, Danica hopped out the car and ran to greet her father who was waiting for them. Jasper was a short, plump man with wispy curls wreathed around his head. His hair was dark, like Danica's thick curls, and his eyes were warm brown. Danica's eyes were a sparkling cobalt blue. A small spattering of freckles adorned her slightly upturned nose and her small mouth was curved in a friendly smile.

><br>Robin watched them carry the trunk into the house, chattering

fondly. She felt the familiar wave of jealousy sweep over her, then shook it off. 'No need to start getting emotional now' she reminded herself as he entered the house.

><br>Imogene the house keeper bustled around the house, preparing dinner and trying to resettle Danica back into her room. It was nice being home, but it felt wrong without Abby there. After a quick nap, Danica showered and dressed for supper. She was about to go down to the dining room when there was a small knock on the door. "Come in," Danica called, and Jasper poked his head through the door.

><br>"I think we should talk," he said.

><br>Danica cleared some space on her bed and motioned him to sit down. She took a breath and mentally braced herself. 'No use beating around the bush,' she thought and sat down. "All right dad, what happened? Mother hardly said a word the entire way home, and I really ought to know. Was it," she paused, almost afraid to ask. "Was it You-Know-Who?"

><br>"Yes." Jasper avoided her gaze, almost embarrassed. "He...he knows where I am. It's me he really wants, but I can't see why he would take her, aside from being bait. Unless," he fidgeted and looked around the room as if searching for a way to escape. "Unless he mistook her for you, Dani."

><br>Danica felt a pang of fear, followed closely by guilt. Questions flooded her mind, like a tidal wave. Why was he after her father? What did he want with her? Why had he taken Abby? Despite her father's words, Danica knew Abby had been taken for a reason. The dark lord didn't go around making mistakes like that. But why? She was just a muggle, harmless really...and her father. He never spoke of his past and memories of terror she had since forgotten resurfaced in her mind. Visions of pain, torture...murder.

><br>'Stop it Dani,' she told herself. 'You are jumping to conclusions, you don't even know the entire story yet!' She took a calming breath and tried to block her mind's eye. "Tell me what happened Dad. When did she disappear?"

><br>"Well, you know Abby, goes where she pleases, when she pleases. She left for school or wherever it is she goes in the daytime at the same time, the day before last. She didn't come home, which isn't unusual, but we were worried of course. Then, yesterday, Imogene found this." He handed her a piece of parchment with a single word written on it in scarlet ink. Voldemort. The paper seemed to fairly tremble with power. 'It's true,' she thought. 'The dark lord is back.'

><br>Danica felt hot tears running down her face. "Oh Dad, why? Why her?" Jasper enveloped her in a fierce hug.

><br>"I don't know, Doc. It will all be all right...." Danica managed a weak smile at her old childhood nickname. "There's another reason I wanted you to come home, Doc. You need to leave California. It's too dangerous here."

><br>Danica thought of Glenoak, her school up near Sacramento. She couldn't leave it, her entire life was there. Besides, she couldn't very well hide from You-Know-Who. "Dad, I don't want to go to Nettlewood," she said, referring to the school in upstate New York. "I want to stay here, at Glenoak."

><br>"I never meant for you to go to Nettlewood."

><br>Danica sighed with relief.

><br>"I mean to send you to Hogwarts."

><br>It took only a second for the news to sink in. "What!" She jumped to her feet, and stood over him "Dad, that's in \*England\*, for Pete's sake! I can't go to England!"

><br>"Why ever not?" He sounded a bit put off; she had forgotten that he had gone to Hogwarts himself.

><br>"Dad, you know if it were any other time I would be thrilled to go to Hogwarts, and visit everyone like we used to do, but this is an emergency! You can't send me overseas when I need to be here!"

><br>"What you need to be is safe, and you'll be safest there! Albus Dumbledore is probably the greatest wizard ever, and Voldemort wouldn't dare stand up to him."

><br>"Dad, I'll be fine here-" even as she said it, she knew it was hopeless. Jasper was as stubborn as she was.

><br>"They are expecting you at the end of the Christmas holiday, in two weeks. You will resume your schooling and stay there until it is safe for you to return. Please Doc," she had begun to protest again. "Don't make this harder than it is." He left the room quickly, eyes bright with tears.

><br>Danica sat down on her bed in shock. The same people who were trying to kill her father had kidnapped her sister and she was being sent to England to quietly wait it out. She began to pummel her pillow, "Why? Why!?!". She was sobbing now, for her sister, her mother, her father...for herself.

><br>Finally exhausted, she fell back against the pillows, feeling more miserable than she ever had.

><br>\* \* \*

><br>Robin really didn't mind eating alone with Jasper. She had grown accustomed to Dancia's absence, and Abby had never eaten with the family. Still, she couldn't help feeling annoyed when Jasper came down to supper alone. After the meal was finished, she sent Imogene up with a tray of food, but Danica didn't eat. Robin knocked on the door; no answer. Finally, she tried the handle to find it locked and, frustrated, stalked off down the hallway.

><br>Fuming, Robin went to her own bedroom, cursing herself for trying at least to be a good mother. 'Look what it gets you,' said the taunting voice in her head. She glanced at the clock. Eight thirty. Jasper would be sitting down to read the paper about now, she had some time. She regarded the phone silently, then picked it up and dialed Tom's number, almost with reluctance. It was picked up on the first ring.

><br>"Hello, Tom? It's me..uh..Judy. Did you still want to meet?...great!...nine?....The Blue Lagoon?....uh-huh...okay, see you..bye." She smiled to herself, then went to change.

><br>Across town "Tom" hung up his phone. Damn annoying muggle contraption. The small apartment was dingy and cold. A roach scuttled across the floor, and was instantly consumed. He hated Tom, hated the entire idea of Tom, his former self....weak, naive, the Tom he had forgotten. Yet this was important. The girl was the key, he couldn't let her get away, she needed to see. See the importance of everything he had been planning, working for. She wasn't cooperating. He needed a little incentive, something to clarify it for her....and he was about to meet the person who would make it all happen....

><br>To Be Continued...

><br>

><br>{A/N: Okay, that was my first fan fiction ever, hope you like it. I know it may seem a bit confusing, but it will start making more sense in about three more chapters. Besides, if it wasn't a little confusing, it wouldn't be a mystery! Please review!!}

><br>{Disclaimer: I am not, nor am I pretending to be J.K. Rowling. The characters of Voldemort, Harry, Ron, Hermione, Ginny and anyone else you have or will recognize belong to her, a fact I am willing to accept, (reluctantly). The characters of Danica and her family, plus anyone else you don't recognize, belong to me. Mine!}

End  
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